Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes the short.
Ben. In loue.
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tirannous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see pathwaies to his will:
Where shall we dine? ô me! what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then ô brawling loue, ô louing hate,
O any thing of nothing first created:
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanitie,
Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doest thou not laugh?
Benu. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good hart at what?
Benu. At thy good harts oppression.
Romeo. Why such is loues transgression:
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propogate to haue it preast,
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
Doth adde more griefe, too too much of mine owne.
Loue is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,
Being purgd, a fier sparkling in louers eies,
Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madnesse, most discreete,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweete:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft I will go along:
And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong:

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe,
This is not *Romeo*, hees some oth
Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who
Ro. What shall I grone and tell
Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly
Ro. A sicke man in sadnesse ma
A word ill vrgd to one that is so i
In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a wo
Ben. I aymde so neare, when I
Ro. A right good mark man, an
Ben. A right faire marke faire
Romeo. Well in that hit you mi
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dia*
And in strong proofe of chastitie
From loues weak childish bow sh
Shee will not stay the siege of lou
Nor bide th'incounter of assailin
Nor ope her lap to saint seduc
O she is rich, in bewtie onely poo
That when she dies, with bewtie
Ben. Then she hath sworn, that sh
Ro. She hath, and in that sparing
For bewtie steru'd with her seue
Cuts bewtie off from all posterit
She is too faire, too wise, wisely to
To merit blisse by making me d
Shee hath forsworne to loue, and
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to
Ro. O teach me how I should
Ben. By giuing libertie vnto
Examine other bewties.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (
These happie maskes that kis fai
Being black, puts vs in mind the
He that is strooken blind, canno